

cratic ward associations in Brooklyn. There is more than common hope for the Democrats of that ward. Righteousness and the unwashed Democracy do not often lie down together in such intimate association. If the Congregationalists can stand it a little while the other members of the partnership is in the way of receiving much benefit.

ward proved that they had profited by his rebuke. The numerous anti-free-trade organizations formed in Democratic strongholds during the last three months demonstrate anew that they have accepted his logical conclusion that "the prosperity of the Irish in this country depends as largely as that of any other class upon the maintenance of the financial and industrial policy represented by the Republican party."

Certainly, it has been an evil thing in the past to have the Irish vote cast in one mass for a single political party. "Solid voting" of races, nationalities and creeds is opposed to the genius of American free institutions. It will be a most important gain for political morals if Irish intelligence can be found in 1888 as in 1884 voting on the side of the Republican party and protection of American industries and Irish ignorance and crime on the side of Cleveland and English free trade. General Harrison, in one of his admirable addresses last week, urged men of Irish birth to take part in the present canvass and to make their choice between parties as Americans and as Americans only. This is the patriotic, self-respecting way of enlisting the support of Irish-Americans. The President in his Retaliation demonstration has solicited Irish support as a demagogue and a charlatan.

**SEE HERE, WILLIAM.**

It's William Carson we're talking to. A word with you, William. You've agreed to present \$10,000 to the Governor of Wisconsin for the benefit of poor and disabled soldiers "if, on submission of President Cleveland's last annual message—known as the tariff message—to three Republican judges of Wisconsin—two Circuit judges and one Supreme judge—they decide, as such judges and jurists, that such message is a free-trade message." Of course, you are perfectly well aware, William, that this offer of yours is pure bouance; you knew when you made it that the interpretation of Presidents' messages is not a judicial function, and that no Republican judge in Wisconsin could be induced so far to ignore the prejudices as to descend from the bench to enter the political arena. Why, therefore, William, didn't you make your bougas offer larger? While you were about it why not "put up"—in your mind's off eye—\$10,000,000? The risk, William, would have been the same as with \$10,000, while your advertisement of Carson would have been taller. On second thought, William, it must occur to you that you were not so smart before this thing, William. A de-

have been. And another charge, a decision regarding the meaning of "President Cleveland's last annual message, known as the tariff message," will be rendered on the 6th of November next. It will be a decision by a higher tribunal than any to be found in Wisconsin, even the tribunal of last resort—the American people. Wait for that decision, William. True, it will not please you, but wait for it with patience you can command, and while you're waiting abstain from the manufacture of pre-

One more word, William. Do you have in your pocket \$10,000 that you really yearn to get rid of? If so, pick out three of your neighbors, no matter what their politics may be, who are men of intelligence and candor, and request them to place that amount to the credit of the poor and disabled soldiers of your town in case they agree that Mr. Cleveland in running for re-election after denouncing the eligibility of the President for re-election as "a most serious danger to the public weal," vividly illustrates the cowardice and selfishness of his convictions. How does this suggestion strike you, William? Or would you prefer to make, rather than lose, \$10,000? If so, let us tell you how you can readily do so. Cleveland is an eminent Civil Service reformer, isn't he? Well, William, if you'll agree to testify at all the leading Democratic meetings and to be held in Wisconsin between now and election, and at each meeting, as audience of your own eloquent speech, will read to your audience The Tribune's demonstration of the extent and significance of the President's devotion to Civil Service reform, offering at the same time an acknowledgement that it is true or proof that it is false, why, we'll take great pleasure in handing you a draft for \$10,000. Let us hear from you, William.

**SONG OF CALVIN S. BRICE.**

How dear to my heart is the vote of old Texas,  
Old Texas that nothing can swerve from our  
side, Old Texas that's solid and sure for the party  
Though the enemy come like a fast-flowing tide  
Old Texas where shot-guns discuss public ques-  
tions, And where the six-shooter speaks up sharp  
and quick, Where they monuments raise to the  
late Colonel Bowie, And voting is apt to make  
niggers quite sick! That old solid Texas, that  
certain old Texas, that moss-covered Texas where  
Bourbons are thick!

New-York and New-Jersey they're gone from  
us surely, And so has Connecticut faded away;  
Indiana ~~for~~ us is a snare and delusion, And the  
rest of the North, it was always against; But  
there's Texas, old Texas, that's down there in the south,  
And with heads overflowing to the will I sing, As  
I ponder my fancy with fond recollection, And  
think in November what comfort you'll bring!  
That solid old Texas, that moss-grown old Texas,  
that dead-sure old Texas, Democracy's king!

District-Attorney Fellows is said to have some plans in regard to the trial of the "boodle" Aldermen who are yet at large and within jurisdiction. His plans have been in abeyance so long that a suspicion has become pretty general that he had forgotten that such a thing as a "boodle" Alderman existed. The public will be pleased to learn that its suspicion is unfounded and does

The District Attorney gave injustice.

The wrath of the supporters of Cleveland with their newspapers, and particularly with "The New-York Times," though natural is not wholly justifiable. It is true that the organs do not make much of a case for the man whom they once called better and stronger than his party, but then there is not much of a case to be made for him. And besides, we must remember the habits of the poor. Consider, for instance, the plight of the silly "Times" with its heels stretched across the barbed-wire fence between the two parties—its wide mouth shouting for the Democratic National ticket, and its heels kicking at the Democratic State ticket. Then comes Warner Miller taking cruel pains to identify his cause with Harrison's, and so the weak heels have to kick less and wriggle more in an effort to get back on the same side of the fence with the rest of the animal. Pity the sorrows of the Cleveland hornblower, he makes a shocking display, but he is doing the best he can.

"The indications are," "The World" remarks, "that Mr. Miller will be quite celebrated when the campaign closes." Of course the Governor-elect of the great State of New-York, an empire in itself, is bound to be celebrated.

Boston was 258 years old on Monday and the anniversary found her in the enjoyment of robust health. The institutions upon which she prides herself, such as the Bean, the Common, the Gilded Dome, the Autocrat, "The Atlantic Magazine," are in a prosperous condition, and although her tax rate may not be as low as it might be, on the other hand the standard which she applies to life, literature and art is of commendable loftiness. The metropolis tenders to Boston the assurances of her distinguished consideration.

Only one thing is now needed to make the ex-Mugwumps' cup of sorrow fall to overflowing. That is for President Cleveland to write a letter saying: "I know nothing which, if I were a voter in the State of New-York, would prevent my support of Mr. Hill's candidacy, without the least misgivings as to his fitness, and with considerable personal satisfaction."

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When our Democratic neighbors are next looking for an opportunity to display their feelings in the "deadly parallel," how would this answer the purpose?

N. Y. Times (Dem.).  
Sept. 12, 1888.

There is certainly nothing in what the Republican candidate professes in respect to Civil Service Reform that would lead a refractory to prefer him, and that ground alone, to the Democratic candidate, with his honest record of actual performance.

N. Y. Evening Post (r. m.), May 22, 1888.

The painful truth is, that we doubt if a single independent voter in this State, who supported President Cleveland in 1884, any longer listens to the utterances of the members of the Administration on the subject of Civil Service Reform, or any longer refuses to believe that the President's promises and professions have been violated or disregarded on a great scale, with the utmost boldness, in sundry places and in diverse

The will of M. Bord, the well-known piano maker of Paris, has given rise to some remarkable proceedings on the part of the testator's heirs and of the workmen employed in the establishment, which has been organized by the deceased and conducted by him with great prosperity for many years. M. Bord died a few months since, and under his will he left large legacies to his employees of every grade, the smallest amount bequeathed being \$200 to each of those who had labored for him five years or more. After the death of the testator his nephews found another will in which no mention was made of legacies to the employees, and this being dated 1854, they applied to the district court of Paris to have it disannulled. The workmen, because they had struck for more wages in 1843. The workmen have in the meantime gone to law with the heirs, and the case has been pending for the second will, and out of 500 of them 150 have been dismissed from their employment.

Ex-Governor Robie and wife, of Maine, will attend the annual National meeting of the Patrons of Husbandry at Portland, Me., on the 20th inst.

The late John Price Wetherill, of Philadelphia, was a grandson of Samuel Wetherill, the first manufacturer of wire lead in America.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett denies all rumors of his illness and says that he is in perfect health.

Mr. David Dudley Field's memorial address on Mark Hopkins has been printed for distribution among the alumni of Williams College.

Henry Mahon, Francis Kenzel and Francis X. Bader, of this city, have taken the religious vows of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer, in St. Mary's Church, Annapolis, Md.

The Rev. John Carroll, of St. Mary's Church, Chicago, is said to be the oldest priest in the United States. He was ordained January 20, 1820. He was born in Ireland in 1797.

According to "Le Journal du Havre," Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was born at that city, April 22, 1844, her mother being Julie Bernhardt, "artiste musicienne," the daughter of a Berlin oculist, and born in that city. Mme. Bernhardt was named, not Sarah, but Rosalie, and her twin sister, Lucie. The father is said to have been a Government official, known as "le beau X—," who afterward committed suicide under "dramatic" circumstances. If all this be true, the legend of two young Dutch Jewesses running away from their home in Amsterdam and settling the famous penniless couple in the morning in the Tuileries seems very much belittled to the limbo of biographical fantasies. Mme. Bernhardt, according to this statement, is five or six years older than the "dramatic" couple, probably by some years the advantage (or disadvantage) of Miss Bernhardt.

**THE TALK OF THE DAY.**

The first number of Collier's "Once A Week," devoted to "fiction, fact, sensation, wit, humor and news," will appear on the 20th inst. In this number will be an instalment of an Irish novel by Dion Boucicault, Memories of Lester Wallack, by Edgar Paccart, some fresh fun by Bill Nye, the first portion of "Assommoir," a new poem, by Mrs. Amelia Fives Chandler, a short story by Julian Hawthorne, a story by James Hilditchon Riley, and articles by Marion Harland and Charles D. Loring.

The celebrated Jones County calf case is before Judge Lineham, at Waterloo, Iowa, this week. It is a case with a history. It had its origin fourteen months ago and has been before the courts, has been heard in the Supreme Court two or three times, and now comes up for adjudication once more. It has been the subject of much newspaper travelled through Jones County buying young stock. Among the rest five calves were bought of one Johnson of the High Plains section, and were taken away as belonging to farmers in the vicinity. At a meeting of the Jones County Anti-Horse-Thief Society held some time afterward it was determined to charge Johnson with the theft of the animals, and suit was accordingly entered. Johnson was acquitted. Then the matter came eight miles to the Iowa Supreme Court. He won in three counties, but in each case the verdict in favor of from \$5,000 to \$7,000 damages was set aside. The suit was then carried so far as to have \$5,000. The calves were worth \$45. Several lives have been wrecked by the case—

A fund has been raised at Dartmouth College for the erection of a building for "winter baseball."

the election of a candidate for